



Volume 13, number 3 (issue fifty-one) of The Wormwood Review. Edited by Marvin Malone. Copyright © 1973, The Wormwood Review Press, P.O. Box 8840, Stockton, California 95204 U.S.A. US-ISSN:0043-9401

....



The Founding

We burned the maps we were given
because they lied.
The terrain was different
each way we crossed it.
Coming & going it was not the same.

We set that fire in anger. We were lost.
It might have been in desperation that we saw,
in the flames, traces of strange markings,
scorings, folds we'd never noticed before,
fold within fold, layer after layer
in the burning fabric of that unknown place.

We thought we were dreaming
since no matter how carefully we stirred,
we found nothing in the ashes
so there was no way for us to know,

& no way to reconstitute those charts.
We wracked our memories to re-draw them
with what talents we had on hand.
We argued, we discussed
& in the end concluded

that only those of dark races, gypsies,
jews out on the lonliest roads
only on certain nights & themselves lost at that
could tell us where we were.

As for us, since we were stuck, we put up
a stone shelter on that spot, quite permanent.
Others came gradually, building a city.
All kinds of strangers came. There are
millions of us now & all of us don't know.